

Mr. Bad Man

Tori Amos

He's a bad man
Mr. Bad Man
And she had enough of him
So the wolves try to dry her eyes
'cause the bad man made her cry

But everyday I know that
I may just be closer
To the sea of frozen words
Words that even soldiers
Would lay down their swords for
And they come in every color
And flavor too doo doo doo doo
And flavor too doo doo doo doo

There's a gold star
On a gendarme
So she asked him
"Hey can you hold my song?
It's the one piece that I got left
So hide it well" she said

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